

"Mother, perhaps," said his companion, "Can't be. Didn't you hear her say this morning she thanked her stars that she was never in bondage to any man?" And then they were out of hearing.

If Miss Janet had heard it too, she made no sign. It was very pleasant—the "rosebud of a girl." I thought of it often through the day. Miss Janet was punctual as a town clock; it would have been safe to set your watch by her time; and we had nearly reached the dining-room door next morning when she stopped and began to search herself in a disconcerted way.

"There! I've certainly left my glasses up-stairs. I'll leave 'em to you in my will, if you'll run up and get 'em for me. There's some stairs at the end of this hall that'll take you there quicker. I was prowlin' round last night, and found 'em."

I was rushing quickly through the hall to which Miss Janet had pointed, when I saw a young girl coming fast toward me, dressed in white, like myself, and with a strangely familiar face. I went to one side to pass her; she turned the same way, and I brought up hard against the great mirror which formed one end of the hall. For the fraction of an instant I saw myself, and was bitterly disappointed. Could it be that I was no prettier than that? The shock was severe enough to bring tears to my eyes.

"Are you hurt?" said a voice beside me, and I looked again into the pleasant eyes of my neighbor across the table. It was the one who had called me "a rosebud of a girl."

"No, I am not hurt."

"What is it, then?"

"I was only disappointed a little."

"Disappointed! What do you mean?" Then I realized the absurdity of having committed myself to a stranger, but being in it, there was nothing left but to explain:

"I mean that I saw myself as others see me, and was the least bit disappointed that I did not look better."

"What a vain little girl you must have been!" and he went on his way, repeating, in a low tone, but I caught it—

"Oh had some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us!"

"Would from many a whitney free us,
And foolish notion."

I shuddered, how could anything have been more unlucky than my foolish confession? but before I found the glasses I had strained a drop of comfort out of his reply.

I persuaded Miss Janet to wait in the parlor till he should have left the dining room; and when we went to the table at last a splendid white flower, the like of which had never blessed my sight before, lay beside my plate. Miss Janet took no notice, and I carried it away with me.

In the evening we caught a rumor of a banquet to be given in honor of a scientific man who had just made the world ring with a great success: we joined ourselves to the crowd in the parlors, who were lounging about if inadvertent they might catch "some collateral sweets" and "sidelong odors" from the feast.

"Miss Perkins," said the hotel clerk, suddenly appearing at her elbow, "one of your neighbors at table wishes to be introduced to you and Miss Gay. Let me make you acquainted with Mr. Van Hoek."

And my bright-eyed friend sat down beside Miss Janet and made talk with her, till I could look at him without blushing at the thought of my morning trouble.

"I suppose you're a Dutchman," said Miss Janet, breaking a pause.

"I beg you won't suppose anything of the sort. My family have been born in this country since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Miss Gay, the ladies are beginning to come to the banquet (at least to the after-dinner) for they are not admitted till after the dinner). Will you walk in the hall with me and see them come out of their dressing rooms?"

I went gladly—but when I was leaning on his arm I had nothing to say for myself. I had thoughts when I went about with the young farmers at home, and was so tired of their talk about their breed of sheep and their "mildred land," that I should perfectly at ease with such young men as were described in my favorite stories—city-bred, cultivated, and well-mannered; yet here was their very model, and I was dumb; it was my second disappointment in that day.

"Oh, don't go there!" I entreated, as he turned into the hall where was the great mirror. "I was so silly this morning."

"Not at all. I suppose every woman thinks herself prettier than she really is—it's a part of her happiness—but not one in a thousand would have acknowledged her mistake as you did. I haven't deliberately gone about the world with Diogenes' lantern looking for an honest woman, but I was very glad to find one, nevertheless."

This was pleasant, but oppressive.

"I wish I knew the names of some of these ladies," I said. "They look so lovely they ought to be famous."

Just then an exquisite robe of white satin covered with lace and rosebuds flitted across the hall; it was so perfect that I forgot to look at the face that crooked it.

"I am glad to be able to gratify you in one or two instances," said Mr. Van Hoek.

"That one in white was Miss Caroline Petitions. She knows all that is worth knowing in the art of dress."

The name was familiar. All at once I remembered the *Potpourri Papers*, and realized that my new friend was quite amusing himself at my expense.

"I did not see her face," I said: "is she pretty?"

"Perfect as a wax figure. Now look at this one in black lace and corals; it is Ethel Newcome, who wears all these airy nothings, but comes, nevertheless."

Then a great wave of bright colors and gleaming shoulders swept across the hall into the ante-room; the doors were shut, and the performance was over for us.

"I am sorry not to have seen Polly Potiphar and Miss Pendennis: they are great friends of mine," I said. "Miss Janet is looking for me: I must leave you now." I would not look at him, and gathered nothing from his quiet "good-evening."

"There's no nonsense about that young man," said Miss Janet: "he treads right up to the dough dish and gets introduced to me first, instead of winking and blinkin' at you behind my back."

Meeting us in the hall next morning, he made particular inquiries for Miss Janet's health, and gave me a snowy camellia in a nest of rosebuds, saying, under his breath, "A peace-offering."

In hotel-life a mere bud of acquaintance soon blossoms into intimacy. In the most natural way in the world I was sure to see Mr. Van Hoek two or three times a day, and a week made old friends.

Miss Janet was an omnivorous reader; there was not a book in Beacham that she had not read again and again; and when Mr. Van Hoek introduced her to a circulating library, she borrowed on it all day and every day, and brought home a book for the evening. I began to see New York through his eyes; and it might as well have been London or Paris, for all the resemblance it bore to the city of which I had caught glimpses from under Miss Janet's wing. She kept us always in sight for a time; but after trying Mr. Van Hoek with many test questions, and springing various original traps upon him, from which he came out unscathed, she suffered me to go about under his nose.

"You don't want an old dragon like me always taggin' after you," she said, one day; "but see here, boy: I want you to remember there's some old folks up in Beacham that set their eyes by that gal, and you must be sure to keep hold of her when you are crossin' the street."

Mr. Van Hoek gave his promise, and kept it to the letter.

His manner to me was so winning, that I soon told him all about the farm and my maiden aunts—even about my school-fortune, and how I was spending it—everything that there was to tell about myself; yet he gave me no grain of his own confidence in return for mine.

Only once, in a quiet avenue, he bade me walk more slowly, and I saw him mount the steps and let himself into a stately house: he came out presently with a few of those strange flowers which had puzzled me before.

"Now confess," he said, that you are dying to know how I came by them."

"I plead guilty."

"It is my sister's house, left in a servant's care while she is away. I have a key, and sleep there nearly every night."

And this was literally all I knew of him. I sat in the parlor one evening in the early twilight, reading the last pages of one of his books, and listening for his step in the hall, when a girl apparition suddenly entered the room and pulled the bell-cord impatiently: then with a little whirl she sat down on a sofa. When the waiter appeared, she said, with that supercilious air which could be attained only by severe practice,

"If Mr. Sydney Van Hoek has come in, tell him a lady wishes to see him at once."

The name startled me a little, and perhaps she perceived it, for she glanced at me carelessly and coldly, then more intently, till her look hardened into a fixed stare. Her face was wonderfully pretty, and her whole attire so perfect, with a certain Frenchness about it not to be described, but sure to be felt by all womankind; and I felt myself at once the most unmigated dowdy that ever left her native hills.

I would not stay to witness her meeting with Mr. Van Hoek: the dreadful difference between us would dawn upon him if he should see us together. In avoiding Scylla of course I fell into Charybdis.

"What are you running away for?" said my friend, meeting me just at the door.

"I thought it was you who sent for me."

"You know better. I would not send for you if I never saw you again."

"Are you not coming down again?"

"Not to-night."

Then I left him and my delusion behind me. In the instant when that dreadful young woman asked for Mr. Van Hoek the veil of friendship which had hid my regard for him was rent in twain, and I realized that he was my "man of men." My heart sank lower and lower, till I seemed to be dragging an actual weight up the stairs like a convict. I had no reason to hope that he regarded me in any other light than as a little country girl who amused him. There seemed to be nothing left but to go home and fight it out alone.

"Miss Janet," said I, "we have been here nearly three weeks: my fortune must be nearly spent."

"What's a week to a settin' hen?" said Miss Janet. "I ain't near ready to go home yet, and you've got money enough for a week or two more. They take off a lot from the regular price when you stay a good while."

"Do they?" I said, listlessly.

"To be sure, or they will when I've argued it with 'em; but what's come over you? If that Dutchman has said anything to you that you don't like, I'll go down and give him a piece of my mind that'll last him the rest of his life."

"No, no: he hasn't said a word."

"Oh, that's the trouble, is it? Well, 'tain't time. Just you keep a stiff upper lip and wait. Men are as contrary as hens: you never know when they'll fly in your face."

This was so unbearable that I laid my head on her shoulder and told her all my trouble, which did seem to grow less bitter when I put it into words.

"She stared at me, that pretty Gorgon down stairs, as if she read all my liking for Mr. Van Hoek in my face," said I, wetting Miss Janet's best collar through and through with tears.

"I always heard it took two to make a stare," said Miss Janet, meditatively.

Then she stroked my hair a long time with her horny hand, and at last she spoke her mind:

"If you go home now, you'll be an old maid as sure as a gun, because you'll waste all your young years gettin' over this. There's a good many kinds of old maids—doleful ones, like your aunt Rebecca; her harp's been on the willow for years and years—and there's sentimental ones, like Floranthe, that can't think of nothin' but marrin' and givin' in marriage, so that I wonder what they'll have to talk about when they get to heaven, where there ain't no such thing. Then there's the stiff, independent kind, like me, that everybody gives a wide berth to. I don't think you are cut out to be an ornament to either of them classes. It don't follow because you can see into your own heart that there's a winder in it for anybody else to look through. If you're happy with him, and can have a fortnight more of it, it's so much clear gain: you won't have no heavier load to take home with you now. And you won't be sorry for it when you're old, and all the rough places in your life get kind o' moss-covered with much thinkin' about 'em. After all, a good sharp agony is better than an empiness. You may take my word for it."

I did take Miss Janet's word for it, and was comforted.

I meant to say no word to Mr. Van Hoek concerning his visitor, but he began it:

"Did you see my cousin last night?"

"I suppose so."

"And she saw you: indeed I think she came chiefly for that. She recognized us in the avenue that day, and she has always looked upon me as her especial property."

"Then you must some time have given her the title-deeds," said I, half questioning him; but he immediately became silent and grave, and could not be induced to mention her afterward.

My last fortnight was undeniably happy: I owed it to Miss Janet on our last evening, just before Mr. Van Hoek found us in one of those little parlors which make the "Aladdin" so homelike in spite of its immensity.

"I wish I could take you somewhere for a last look at New York," he said. "Can you think of any place?"

"I should like to walk up Broadway, in the brightest part, once more," said I, "for I may never see it again."

"Never" is a dreadful long word," said Miss Janet.

"We will go this minute," said Mr. Van Hoek.

"Do you remember," he said when we were walking slowly up the street, "how Traddles and 'the dearest girl' used to walk in the London gaslight, and select in the shop-windows what they would give each other if they were rich enough? I am not very rich, but I want to give something to another dearest girl if she will take it. It is only for remembrance," he went on, as he slipped a ring on one of the fingers that lay within his arm. "I am bound by a single thread from asking you for all that woman can give. If I can snap that thread, I will come to you at midsummer, but I may find it a rope that I cannot break without honor, and then we must both forget this pleasant month as soon as may be."

"There are things that will not let them-selves be forgotten," I said after awhile; "but it is joy enough for me to know that you will wish to come to me."

"My little wild rose," he said in the shadow of the doorway, "are you sure that thought would be joy enough? Would you never care for more?"

He drew me close to him for an instant, and then put me away suddenly, and we went up stairs to find Miss Janet as if nothing had happened.

When I could look at my hand I saw the small and brilliant diamond which I had often noticed on his own finger. Miss Janet saw it at once, but said not a word, which would seem to prove that she was either more or less than a woman.

I was in a sort of glorified state, neither in nor out of the body, on the journey, till just at dusk we jolted over the Hill Difficult into Beacham.

"There'll be sure to be some news," said Miss Janet: "a kettle never boils till you take your eye off of it, and nothing ever happens till you go away for a week, and then some old critter will come to a realization that he's lived long enough; and when you come home, you'll find an empty place in the meetin'-house."

"Anybody dead or married?" she asked after the first buzz of welcome.

"Not exactly—one Deacon Robbins is cousin Floranthe," said Aunt Rebecca.

"While there's life there's hope," said Miss Janet, with uplifted hands.

"Did you get your money's worth?" said my father to me.

"I don't know yet."

"When will you know, then?"

"When the dividends begin to come in, to be sure," said Miss Janet, coming to the rescue promptly.

The first one came two or three weeks later, in the shape of a beautiful little picture, with the name of a well-known artist in the corner. A young girl leans on the fence in a mossy old orchard in a limestone attitude, while out of her sight, yet hastening towards her, rides the lover. The one word "Waiting" was printed on the frame. It kept my heart up wonderfully.

When midsummer began, I tramped upon all the New England proprieties by wearing my best dresses and my freshest ribbons every day, and verily I had my reward.

I ran down one evening to see Miss Janet, and, seated at her tea-table as naturally as if he had eaten his first bread and milk there, was Mr. Van Hoek. We took a little walk through the orchard by and-by, and he never asked any question at all that I remember, but just took things for granted, in the masterful way which some men are born with.

But I "spied" at him after this wise: "You mentioned a certain 'thread' once upon a time: did that beautiful cousin of yours hold the other end of it?"

"Yes, if you will have it. We were boy and girl lovers, but we soon quarreled. She became secretly engaged to an intimate friend of mine—a fact which I constantly suspected, but could never verify. When she heard of my bad promise, she threatened to hold me to my old promise."

"My foot is on 'my native heather' now."

"I see, and my safety lies in transplanting you to me as soon as may be."

And this was how it was settled after a solemn interview with my father in the best room with closed doors. He was to come to Beacham once more in the fall—only once more—and then on the first day of the New Year was to be ready to go back with him to the "Aladdin," to spend the first few months of our married life.

This poor clerk, who had fondly supposed him, was only so by his own choice: he preferred to rise into all grades of mercantile life to a partnership with "Van Hoek & Sons," rather than to take that position as a gift from his father.

It seemed to me, that my wild rose had put on a thorn or two. You are a shade less meek than when I first knew you."

"My foot is on 'my native heather' now."

"I see, and my safety lies in transplanting you to me as soon as may be."

Of all the last words that followed me out of my old home, I shall remember Miss Janet's longest:

"You're eatin' the frostin' of your cake now, Marian, and I hope you'll never need nothin' but cake underneath. Sydney will think for a while that the ground isn't good enough for you to walk on, but don't you never fall into that notion, nor take

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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the desired result has yet been proposed. The working of the Bloomsburg plan as above, seems to us somewhat uncertain and awkward. And yet we think the citizens of Bloomsburg deserve great credit for trying the experiment; and we rejoice in this proof that those deep and calm thinkers who understand more fully and profoundly than any others the true nature and character of our government, have their minds steadily set, in this day of narrow and shallow catchwords, upon working out to a satisfactory conclusion the great political problems of the time.

Of course, even after the People—not only a Majority, but the Minority also—are fairly represented, the Majority still will be prone to rule too absolutely, within the sacred limits of the Federal and State Constitutions. Still, just as the courtiers cry in a Monarchy, the King can do no wrong, will the demagogues cry in the Republic, the Majority can do no wrong! But if all can once be fairly represented, the dangers of arbitrary and despotic action will be measurably lessened. And, for the further security of the true balance and harmony of our system, we must depend upon strengthening, not leveling, all those bulwarks which protect the rights and privileges of Minorities and of the smaller States, and on the cultivation of a political philosophy, which shall be wide, deep, and many-sided, at the same time that it is truly liberal and Republican.

ABUSIVE LAWYERS.

Mr. Charles S. Spencer, the New York lawyer who, in defending McFarland, made such gross and unwarrantable charges against Mrs. Runkle, (formerly Mrs. Calhoun), denouncing her as a "plotter, conspirator, panderer, and procurer," has written a letter justifying his course, but also saying that of the personal purity of character of Mrs. Runkle he "has not the shadow of a doubt." As this letter pleased his colleagues, Mr. Spencer has withdrawn from his position as one of McFarland's counsel.

In our opinion, lawyers are often greatly to blame for the license they allow their tongues in the Courts; and Judges more to blame for tolerating such license of speech—or, rather, of abuse.

If this thing is not checked, there will be a good deal of justifiable insanity one of these days—for there seems to be no legal way of obtaining satisfaction in such cases.

MINORITY REPRESENTATION.

Another plan of securing a representation to the Minority, is that provided for in New York, in the election of the Court of Appeals. The new Judiciary Section of the Constitution of that State provides, that the court shall consist of a chief justice and six associate justices; but that each voter shall cast his ballot only for the Chief Justice and four of the associate justices. The political party which casts the greatest number of votes, therefore, will elect five judges, including the president of the court, and the other party will elect two judges. Should any political question come before the court, therefore, it will come before a court divided in its political opinions.

It seems to us at first sight that this plan is better than the Cumulative plan, recently tried at Bloomsburg.

A SENSIBLE RESOLUTION.—The New York lady's association, called Sorosis (query, *sororis?*), has passed the following resolutions:

Whereas, A great outcry has been raised respecting the revival of long dresses for the street, and whereas Sorosis has been requested to come to the rescue: therefore

Resolved, That so long as short dresses only are seen upon the street, and in every outfitting establishment in the city, for street wear, we see less danger to our convenient promenade toilette from the activity of its enemies than the zeal of its friends.

Resolved, That if an effort should be made to revive the dirty and disgusting fashion of trailing skirts in the street, that the universal voice of American women should utter a protest that would be heard throughout this country and Europe, and prove that whoever may choose to follow the senseless lead of a court or a coterie, American women can think and act for themselves.

Well, an effort, we are sorry to say, is being made to revive the long street dresses, and several recently have been seen on Chestnut street. Now let "the universal voice of all (sensible) American women utter a protest"—or, which is better, let the universal practice of all sensible American women put *suo*-*verto* on the dirty and disgusting fashion, so far as America is concerned.

THE SAD ACCIDENT AT RICHMOND.—The sad tidings of the accident at Richmond, Virginia, have caused a thrill of grief in all portions of the Union. To the criminal carelessness of architects and builders the whole sad affair is to be attributed. We see it stated that the floor which gave way has had a hollow appearance in the middle for some time, and that the joists which supported it rested only on a four-inch ledge in the walls. Certain pillars in the room below which had supported the floor, had also been removed. Of course it only needed the weight of a great crowd to bring the whole flimsy structure down. Probably many other public buildings in the country are equally unsafe. Recklessness is one of the common sins of the American people.

Is Peoria, Illinois, 1,300 women have signed a protest against female suffrage.

"BEAUTIFUL SNOW."

The *New York World* says of the poem of "Beautiful Snow," about whose authorship several gentlemen are disputing, that "at the best the poem is prettily rhyming sentimentality, and that too of not the very best order."

We agree with the *World* as to the value of the poem in dispute; though of course it is a mean and criminal act to steal even a not very valuable article.

A FACT.

A colored coachman living with a family at Germantown, requested permission the other morning to go to the city for the day. It was the day of the negro celebration of the Fifteenth Amendment, and his mistress granted permission at once. But an idea suddenly occurred to her, and she turned and asked the coachman what he wished to absent for. "Why," replied the coachman, "we are goin' to have a grand celebration of de Fifteenth Commandment."

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Mr. M. S., of Dayton, Ohio, in sending on his subscription as usual for three years in advance, says:

"I have taken THE POST upwards of thirty years, and this may perhaps be the last time I shall subscribe for it, as I am now over seventy-six years old."

We hope our old friend will live to send us at least eight more subscriptions of the same kind, and live happily and healthily for the full term of one hundred years. Our own nearest relative is eighty-five years of age, and finds his life nearly as vigorous and enjoyable as ever.

"The following comes to us, apparently in a lady's hand-writing:—

"The Rev. Phillips Brooks, in his sermon last Sunday, said—"In order to be a Christian, you must first be a man." Can any one tell us how this may be accomplished? We think it is rather hard on woman."

Oh, no—it is easily enough done. Marry Mr. Phillips Brooks—for example—and you will then be Mrs. Phillips Brooks. If you cannot get Mr. Brooks—for that popular divine cannot marry all the ladies of his congregation—then any other man will do as well.

REPETITION.—Mr. Dickens, in his new novel, has a character named "Miss Rose Bud, of course called Rosebud."

Fenimore Cooper has the same name in one of his novels, though he spells the bud with two d's, Rose Budd.

We do not know that the name was ever used before Mr. Cooper used it, but should not be surprised to find it had been, it is such an obvious play upon words—in fact too obvious to be *very* good.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE MOTHER'S RECOMPENSE.—A Sequel to Home Influence. By GRACE AGUILAR, author of "The Vale of Cedars," "Woman's Friendship," etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. This volume is handsomely bound in Cloth and Illustrated.

PSYCHOLOGIC ATTRACTION, FASCINATION, OR THE SCIENCE OF THE SOUL. Being the substance of two lectures delivered in St. James Hall, London, by HERBERT HAMILTON, B. A., author of "Principles of Science," etc. Published by T. W. Evans & Co., Philada.

HARRIS ON THE PIG. Breeding, Rearing, Management, and Improvement. By JOSEPH HARRIS, Moreton Farm, Rochester, New York. Illustrated. Published by Orange Judd & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE BIBLE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—Opinions of Individuals and of the Press, with Judicial Decisions. Published by J. W. Schermerhorn & Co., No. 14 Bond St., New York; and also for sale by J. A. Bancroft & Co., 512 Arch St., Philada.

THE JOURNAL OF THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE. Devoted to Science and the Mechanic Arts. Edited by Professor HENRY MORTON, Ph. D. For April. Published by the Franklin Institute at their Hall, Philadelphia.

THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW AND AMERICAN BUILDERS' JOURNAL. BY SAMUEL SLOAN, Architect. For May. Published by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

Important Notice.—All Holders and Bearer of whom have lost an arm or leg in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 105 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEAGUE & CO.,

REPUTATION, FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES AND TAN.

One Pound of Granister's Imperial Patchouli Soap, will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and try it. CHARLOTTE BROTHERS, 84 Front St., New York.

Sent by druggists everywhere.

"The principal opponent of Whitemore for Congress, in South Carolina, is said to be Ramsey, a colored man. The latter is reported to have the best chance of election.

THE MARKETS.

POULTRY.—10,000 hens, price ranging from \$4.75

for superfluous \$4.00 for extra \$4.50 for fat ones. 10,000 pullets, ranging from \$3.50

for West coast family; \$4.50-\$5.50 for Ohio and Indiana family. HEN Flour—200 lbs, in lots, at \$2.50, \$3.00 per bushel.

GRAIN.—About 20,000 bus. of red sold at \$1.00

for Indiana and Ohio, and \$1.00-\$1.25 for Pennsylvania.

CORN.—About 60,000 bus yellow at \$1.10-\$1.15. Oats—40,000 bus of Western sold at \$0.90-\$1.25; 25,000 bus of Pennsylvania at \$0.90-\$1.00; 20,000 bus of light Delaware at the \$1 bus. Barley—3000 bush of Canada on private terms, and 7500 bush of California on private terms.

PROVISIONS.—Sales of new meat Pork at \$0.35

-\$0.50. Mutton Beef at \$1.00-\$1.25 per city packed oxen family.

BEEF.—Oxen—\$1.00-\$1.25 per head, fat cattle

at \$1.10-\$1.25, and shoulders at \$1.25. Lamb—\$1.00-\$1.25 for steaks and kettle rendered; kids \$0.50.

BUTTER.—Sales of good roll at \$0.25-\$0.30.

COTTON.—500 bushels middlings sold at \$0.25-\$0.30 for uplands and \$0.25-\$0.35 for N. C. cotton.

BARK.—No. 1 Quercetin at \$27 per ton.

FEATHERS.—There is a steady demand for White Quills.

FLUKE.—Giant—Adults sell at \$5.00 per West-

ern and New York. Sales of Apples at \$0.10-\$0.15,

and Peaches at \$0.08-\$0.10 per quartet, 10¢-\$0.10 for halves, and 17¢-\$0.10 for pared. Blackberries sell at \$1.00-\$1.25 per bushel.

HOE.—Prune Timothy Hay, \$1.00 bus, \$1.00-\$1.50 mixed, \$1.25-\$1.50 straw, \$1.00-\$1.25 mixed.

IRON.—Hog Iron there is less doing; sales of foundry at \$2.00-\$2.25 for No. 10, and \$1.00 per ton for No. 2. Bar Iron is quoted at \$1.00-\$1.25 per ton.

MEAT.—Clove-nut—Sales of 750 bus at \$0.30

each, 500 bushels sold at \$1.00-\$1.25 per bushel.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1400 head. The prices ranged from \$2.50-\$3.00 per bushel. 150 Cows brought from \$0.75-\$1.00 each, and when these were disposed of at \$1.00-\$1.25 per bushel.

MEAT.—Moose—WANAMAKER & BROWN, of this city, claim to have the largest clothing house in America. Even New York, they say, cannot boast of an establishment like Oak Hall. We have purchased clothing there repeatedly, and been well suited as to cut and price.

Publ. speakers and singers will find "Brown's Breathing Frocks" beneficial in clearing the voice before speaking or singing, and relieving the throat after any unusual exertion of the vocal organs, having a peculiar adaptation to afflictions which dislodge the organs of speech. For coughs and colds the Frocks are effective.

INTERESTING TO LADIES.

"I admire the Grover & Baker Machine above all others, because it is so easily operated. My little daughter, only nine years old, runs it with ease and does all my sewing. I have used many other kinds and am satisfied this is decidedly the best."—Mrs. Hiram Reed, Vernon, Ind.

DOTY'S WASTING MACHINE has been before the public now for several years, and has had a fair and fair record in innumerable households. We have had one of them in use in our family from the first day of their public sale, and it gives us great pleasure to be continually showing them to our friends and relatives. There is no mistake about them. They perform all the work that is claimed for them by the makers, and all who have used Doty's Machine say that they would not be without it for a thousand dollars. —Chicago Ill., Tribune.

LADIES desire what men admire. And this little thing is beauty. What do we say is beautiful? A transparent complexion and a luxuriant head of hair. What will produce these? Hagan's Magnolia Balm will make any lady of thirty appear but twenty, and Lyon's Katharion will keep every hair in its place, and make it grow like the April grass. It prevents the hair from turning gray, eradicates dandruff, and is the finest hair dressing in the world, and at only half ordinary cost. If you want to get rid of yellowness, pimples, ring-marks, moth-patches, etc., don't forget the Magnolia Balm, ladies.

my-7m

Half a MILE of WATCHES.—Half a million watches have been made by the American Watch Company at Waltham. No. 6000 has just finished a few weeks ago. It was made for Howard & Co., of New York, who have it on exhibition.

Ask any professor or graduate of any regular college of pharmacy, ask any regular doctor, ask the physicians of even Homoeopathic persuasion, ask any druggist in our land, and they will all or any of them tell you that in some way they use "Buchs" a curative agent for the disorders of the kidneys and bladder.

Matus of them will tell you that Heindold's Fluid Extract is the best extract; while there are plenty of physicians who will acknowledge that they freely prescribe it for diseases as above mentioned.

All these reasons, add to the fact that for nearly a quarter of a century has this remedy been the best known for the cure of the kidney and bladder.

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PROSPECTUS.

We announce the following Novels as already engaged for publication:—

Under a Ban.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Cut Adrift," "The Deberry Fortune," &c., &c.

Leonic's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

Bessy Rane.

By MRS. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

A Novel.

By MRS. MARGARET HORNER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told It?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novels by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Horner, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLERS, RECEIPTS, &c.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

A large Premium Engraving is given to every full (\$2.00) subscriber.

"*Grover & Baker's Sewing Magazine* given as a Premium for 50 subscribers and \$75.00, or 20 subscribers and \$60.00.

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

The Rice-Paper Plant.

[SEE ENGRAVING ON FIRST PAGE.]

It is only within a very few years that the true nature has been ascertained of the beautifully smooth and uniform, though very brittle, paper so largely used by the Chinese for drawings of birds, butterflies, and other objects of natural history. It received its popular name of rice-paper from an erroneous notion that it was made in some way from rice. It is, however, the pith of a plant not very distantly related to our common ivy, though having a very different appearance. The plant is called by the Chinese Tang-tau (hollow plant.) It grows wild in great abundance on the hills in the northern districts of the island of Formosa, where it is gathered by the natives, and exchanged on the coast for Chinese produce. It is a small tree, at first growing with a simple stem; after flowering, two or more branches are produced, and the tree increases in size until it reaches a height of twenty or thirty feet; but as the pith deteriorates in the parts of the tree that have become old, it is generally cut down before it is twelve feet high. The large, sycamore-like leaves crown the slender stem, and, when in flower, are surrounded by several wavy bunches of small, pale yellowish flowers. A single flower is very insignificant, but the great number of them borne on thin whitish stalks have a striking and beautiful effect, especially from the great contrast between them and the crown of large dark green leaves. The stem is strongly marked by the transverse scars formed by the fallen leaves. It is covered by a thickish bark, and the wood is hard, heavy and durable.

The collectors cut the stems into lengths of nine or twelve inches. The pith is about two inches in diameter, and is very uniform in texture, except in the centre, where it is broken into a series of doubly concave cavities. A straight stick is inserted into the end of each piece, and the pith is forced out at the other end by hammering on the ground.

The pith is then placed in hollow bamboos, where it swells to its natural bulk and dries straight. The pith is then carefully cut by workmen, who hold against the cylinder a long sharp knife, which is kept quite steady while the pith is moved round and round. The paring thus goes on continuously until the inner broken pith is reached. Each cylinder produces a smooth, continuous scroll about four feet long. The sheets as they are cut are placed one on the other, then pressed and cut into squares of the required size. These are about three inches and a quarter square, and are sold in packets of 100 each at rather less than one penny the packet. The small squares are dyed different colors, and made into artificial flowers for ornamenting the hair of the Chinese ladies.

Large piths occur in other plants besides the Tang-tau. An Indian plant named Shola, belonging to the Leguminous or pea tribe, was by many believed to be the source of the rice-paper. It is extensively employed in Singapore for the manufacture of floats and buoys for fishermen, and for the light sun-hats worn in the east; but it is greatly inferior in color and quality to the true rice-paper. The Tacca, an erect shrub growing on the shores of India and Ceylon, has a pith of considerable size, and of a firm, white appearance. It is much used by the Malays and Siamese for making artificial flowers, small figures, and other articles used as decorations at feasts and on festivals. Among British plants the elder tree has a very large pith, which has not, however, been applied to any practical use. It can be readily pushed out of the stem in the same way by which the Chinese get the pith of the Tang-tau. The hollow stems that remain have given to the tree its popular name of bone tree.

EPICRAM.

Can you imagine light which lends Beyond itself no light,— Whose radiance to its centre tends, Whose surface is not bright? 'Twould be a miracle—but still Selfishness is that miracle.

MAY.

The Earth is waking at the voice of May,
The new grass brightness by the trodden
way,
The woods wave welcome to the sweet spring
day.
And the sea is growing summer blue;
But fairer, sweater, than the smiling sky,
Or bushful violet with tender eye.
Is she whose love for me will never die—
I love you, darling, only you!

Yes, friendships falter when misfortunes
frown,
The blossoms vanish when the leaves turn
brown,
The shells lie stranded when the tide goes
down,
But you, dear heart, are ever true.
The grass grows greenest when the rain-
drops fall,
The vine clings closest to the crumpling
wall,
So love blooms sweetest under sorrow's
thrall—
I love you, darling, only you!

The early robin may forget to sing,
The loving moths may refuse to cling,
Or the brook to tinkle at the call of spring,
But you, dear heart, are ever true.
Let your silver mingle with your ours of
gold,
Let the years grow dreary and the world
was old,
But the love I bear for you will ne'er grow
cold—
I love you darling, only you!

The Bible:
Illustrated by Oriental Tongues.
No. 15.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY MRS. FANNIE R. FEUDGE.

KINGS.

"Nay, but we will have a king over us; that we also may be like all the nations."—1 Sam. viii, 19, 20. This was the persistent language of the Israelites, in answer to Samuel's remonstrances against a change in their form of government. God himself had hitherto been their king; their code of laws had been derived directly from Him; and their rulers and priests were of divine appointment.

But the Israelites had grown proud and rebellious; just in proportion to the abundance of the mercies and blessings received from their great Benefactor; and, as God himself complains of them, (Hosea x. 1.) "According to the multitude of His fruit, He hath increased the altars; according to the goodness of His land, have they made goodly images." At last, God was rejected from being their Sovereign; and under various pretexts, they urged the prophet Samuel to give them a king—an earthly king, such a one as ruled over the nations around them; that he might judge them and lead them forth to battle against their enemies. It was all in vain that the holy man, their hoary-haired judge of years and much wisdom, "protested solemnly," as directed by God, against their simple and foolish desire; they clamored yet the louder, "Nay, but we will have a king;" and the oft-repeated and most cogent reason they assigned for the desired change, was, "That we also may be like all the nations." Their language forcibly illustrates the Oriental propensity to kingly governments—a tendency noted and commented on by the Greeks and Romans of later times. A nation was then, in the days of Samuel, even as now, among all Eastern people, regarded as being more respectable for having a king at its head; and in the East, no reproach can be uttered against a people equal to that of saying, "they have no king." So well was this prejudice in favor of royalty, understood by the English in India, that when the trade of Southern Asia was chiefly in the hands of the Dutch, and their English rivals wished to lower them in the estimation of their Oriental customers, the Britons scornfully said of the Hollanders, as the greatest possible reproach, that they had "no king," and by inference, were of course, "no people."

The Dutch traders equally aware of the strength of Oriental prejudice on this subject, repelled the charge as an infamous calumny; and solemnly affirmed that their Stadholder was the greatest of all the Western kings, and therefore had assumed this more imposing title, while his less powerful contemporaries being all on an equality, shared a common title among themselves. The credulous natives believing this, the wily attempt of the English to excite a rebellion in one of the Dutch provinces was completely foiled.

A nation, however numerous, wealthy, or powerful, if without a king, is regarded as too insignificant to have a sovereign of its own, and as being merely a province, tributary, or dependency of some neighboring monarchy, and subject to the control of a foreign prince. Such a reproach the Israelites feared from the surrounding nations, and hence their urgent entreaty to the prophet, or rather, to the Lord, through him, to give them a king—not for permission to select one for themselves. Strangely enough to us appears the quiet submission, on this point, of a people ordinarily so rebellious and self-willed; but Moses, in his last charge, had already prepared them for the divine election of their first sovereign—"Thou shalt in any wise set him king over thee, whom the Lord thy God shall choose." (Deut. xvii, 15.) and no thought of any other mode of procedure seems to have occurred to their minds. The monarchy was not to supersede the theocracy, but to be incorporated with it. The invisible Jehovah Himself was still to be their sovereign, and the king his viceroy, selected by God, and subject to His control. The first three sovereigns were thus chosen—Saul by lot, David by direct nomination, and Solomon by appointment as his successor; after which the crown was declared hereditary in the family of David.

The next striking point in this remarkable passage is the language of Samuel in his remonstrance, and the reasons he assigns why the Israelites would ultimately regret their unwise choice. "He (the king) will take your sons and appoint them for himself for chariots, and to be his horsemen; and some shall run before his chariots. And he will appoint him captains over thousands, and captains over fifties; and will set them to clear his ground, and to reap his harvest, and to make his instruments of war, and in-

strument of his chariots. And he will take your daughters to be confectionaries, and to be cooks, and to be bakers. And he will take your fields and your vineyards, and your olive yards, even the best of them, and give them to his servants. * * * He will take your men-servants and your maid-servants, and your goodliest young men, and your asses, and put them to his work, &c., &c. A veritable picture indeed of the kingly establishments then existing among Oriental nations, and still to be found everywhere among the indolent, voluptuous, pleasure-seeking kings of southern and western Asia. The domestic message of an Oriental monarch is truly an extraordinary affair; and the number of operatives required to keep in motion the ponderous machine is almost incredible to a western reader. In addition to his three or four hundred wives, in some instances five or six hundred, each of whom keeps her own physician, secretary, and from five to twenty personal attendants, according to her rank—his fifty or more children, frequently a full hundred, with the nurses, maids and *salots de chambre* needed for the accommodation of these scores of a royal house—and the immediate attendants and body guard of the monarch himself—there are ordinarily from one to two thousand cooks, butlers, footmen, boat-rowers, palanquin or sedan bearers, gardeners, and other subordinates, besides scores of physicians, secretaries, treasurers, the lords and eunuchs of the harem, musicians, actors and clowns required to make up the household of an Eastern Prince. Yet perfect system and order is everywhere maintained, each member of the vast establishment understanding fully his proper place, the duties required of him, and his relative position in the household scale; and never interfering, in the slightest degree, with the duties of another, nor offering his services in a vocation not his own, even under the most pressing emergency. For example, during a series of entertainments given at the palace, the boatmen and palanquin bearers may not have a single call for their services for a full month; while, from the large influx of guests, the cooks, footmen, and house-servants may be excessively burdened with extra duties; yet the latter would never dream of asking aid of the hundred or more idle boatmen or "bearers," who from morning to night, were lounging listlessly about, or whiling off the dull hours in gambling for "crownies," and did they venture to prefer such a request they would assuredly be refused, not from churlishness or idleness, but from *Abrahim*. There is a feeling of disgrace attaching to the bare idea of a man's doing the simplest turn in any vocation than that in which he, and his fathers before him, have been brought up; and the master, in common with the servant, entertaining this strange prejudice against the mingling of occupations, it has been cherished and indulged in, till so inwrought into their very being, that any battling against it now would seem like beating the air, and would probably be attended with about as beneficial results. So these enormous households continue in vogue, and the people are drawn on for a continual supply. All Oriental monarchs claim and exercise the right of appropriating at will, the services of any of their subjects, and it has been seen in all Eastern lands, as far back as any record can be obtained. He may use them as soldiers, sailors, servants or artisans as he inclines; and if called on they have no appeal. To refuse would be to forfeit liberty, and even life itself. The remunerations is just what the king pleases to give; but it is seldom more than food, clothing, and lodging, unless the employee be a special favorite with his royal master, when the salary is princely.

One of the most deleterious results of this system is, that it prevents any attempt at improvement in the useful arts; for no sooner does a workman evince uncommon skill in his vocation, than he is summoned to court, and in all probability has to spend the remainder of his days immured in a castle, working for no other pay than the honor of belonging to the royal household—imprisonment still, though the wires of his cage be never so richly gilded.

Well might the Israelites pause and consider the consequences, ere they thus wantonly threw away the liberty of freemen, and exchanged the mild and equitable rule of their God-fearing judges, who had hitherto governed them, for the pomp and pride of royalty, which must be paid for at the sacrifice of all the dearest rights of humanity. Yet such is human perversity, that we learn wisdom only when it is too late to profit by the attainment; and it needed but a few years' experience of royal rule to teach these poor Israelites the full solution of the prophet's "solemn protest," as well as the fearful import of the words: "Ye shall cry out in that day, because of your king which ye shall have chosen you; and the Lord will not hear you in that day."

The expression, "Some shall run before the chariot," alludes to the proceice still common, all over the East, of the *eyes* running with the horse when in harness. His left arm is thrown over the horse's neck, and standing close alongside the pony's head, he readily guides the animal as he wishes by a slight motion of the bridles, which he holds in his right hand. In this way he will run for hours, as fast as the horse can trot, really appearing to regard the horse can trot, really appearing to regard the horse when in harness. His left arm is thrown over the horse's neck, and standing close alongside the pony's head, he readily guides the animal as he wishes by a slight motion of the bridles, which he holds in his right hand. In this way he will run for hours, as fast as the horse can trot, really appearing to regard the horse when in harness. 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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

INCONSTANT.

Inconstant! Oh, my God!
Inconstant! When a single thought of thee
Fends all my shivering blood
Back on my heart in thrills of ecstasy!

Inconstant! When to sleep
And dream that thou art near me, is to learn
So much of heaven, I weep
Because the earth and morning must return.

Inconstant! Ah! too true!
Turn from the right shelter of thy breast,
My tired heart flutters through
The changeful world—a bird without a nest.

Inconstant to the crowd
Through which I pass, as to the skies above,
The fickle summer cloud,
But not to thee, oh, not to thee, dear love!

I may be false to all
On earth beside, and every tender tie
Which seems to hold in thrall
This weary life of mine, may be a lie;

But true as God's own truth,
My steadfast heart turns backward ever
more,
To that sweet time of youth
Whose golden tide beats such a barren shore!

Inconstant! Not my own
The hand which builds this wall between
our lives;
On its cold shadow, grown
To perfect shape, the flower of love sur-
vives.

God knows that I would give
All other joys, the sweetest and the best,
For one short hour to live
Close to thy heart, its comfort and its rest.

But life is not all dark;
The sunlight gladdens many a hidden slope;
The dove shall find its ark
Of peaceful refuge and of patient hope.

I shall still be possessed
Of woman's mood—my small world set apart!
Home, love, protection, rest,
And children's voices singing through my heart.

By God's help, I will be
A faithful mother and a tender wife;
Perhaps even more, that He
Has chastened the best glory from my life.

But sacred to that loss,
One white sweet chamber of my heart shall be;
No foot shall ever cross
The silent portal sealed to love and thee.

And sometimes when my lips
Are to my first-born's clinging, close and long,
Draining with bee-like sips
At its sweet lily heart, will it be wrong,

If, for an instant, wild
With precious pain, I put the truth aside,
And dream it is thy child
That I am fondling with such tender pride?

And when another's head
Sleeps on thy heart, if it should ever seem
To be my own instead,
Oh, darling, hold it closer for the dream.

God will forgive the sin,
If sin it is, our lives are swept so dry,
So cold, so passion-clear.
Thank Him death comes at last—and no good-bye.

UNDER A BAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,
AUTHOR OF "CLAUDIA," "CUT ADRIFF,"
etc., &c.

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CHAPTER XX.

CROWNED WITH RUE.

Rachel Garth announced the miserable tidings to her father in a more softened manner than one would have expected. And at the first moment he scouted it as utterly impossible! Would Lucy have proffered that request of last night, if she had meant to blacken it by this monstrous sin.

"I don't know what more I could have done," he said, brokenly. "I tried to train her in the right way—I strove to impress truth, and honor, and virtue upon her mind to control her rebellious temper and wild fancies. And this is the end!"

Rachel comforted him. She could not see that it was her fault or her father's, that Lucy had gone astray. It was the result of extravagance and indulgence, fondness for society, vanity, self-will, and a less pardonable coquetry. She had rushed headlong to ruin on her own responsibility.

Perhaps Mr. Garth rather longed to have this view of the case strengthened. He wanted to feel acquitted in his own eyes.

"We shall find out the truth of this," he replied. "If it proves so, she is no child of mine henceforth."

With that they parted. He could not sleep, but revolved all the suspicious circumstances in his mind—and Heaven knew there was no lack of them. And if to the rest, she had added this shameful hypocrisy, her cup of offence was indeed full.

The Garths kept their own counsel for the next two days. On the third, Mr. Marchmont walked into the office with his usual jaunty air, and wished Mr. Thorndike a very carefree, graceful good-morning.

There was a blue line about Warren Thorndike's mouth, and his fingers clinched instinctively. They would not be pleasant at a man's throat. He went close up to his handsome rival.

"Where is my wife, Marchmont?" he hissed.

"Your wife? Mrs. Thorndike?" Had Lucy been weak and wild enough to confess that fragment of a conversation at the river's edge?

"Yes, my wife! She left in the same train, on the same morning."

"Good God!" Vaughan Marchmont struck his hand to his forehead, and stared at the other in such surprise that Mr. Thorndike was staggered.

"There has been no search made. No one cared to bring such a truth abroad. After a step like that, she could never be my

wife again; so I wish you joy of her!" with a cruel, scornful smile.

"As I live, Thorndike, I never saw her. I did not know that she was on the train. Why should you accuse me of such a foul deed?" and he straightened himself with an air of injured innocence.

"Because she liked you," the man said, bluntly—little guessing how this flattered his adversary's soul.

Then they gave each other a long, questioning look. A spirit of bitter hate was in each heart.

"Thorndike," Marchmont said, "you never deserved her! You have broken her heart by your carelessness, cruelty and culpable indifference. If she had sought a tender and cherishing love, it would be no sin in God's eyes. But where is she? You may have to answer for this!"

Rachel paled, partly with passion, partly with fear. But anger helped him to recover himself shortly.

Recrimination with such rude brute-force was folly. Marchmont rushed at once to Mr. Garth's, and cleared himself of the foul imputation. But the fact of Lucy Thorndike's disappearance still remained.

The secret must be confessed, and a search made. Marchmont's love for Lucy was stronger than his hate for Thorndike; indeed, the man was too coarse and vulgar for any emotion that savored of respect. He felt assured that Lucy had cared for him; and if found, he meant to befriend her. If he could once win her gratitude!

There was another excitement in Dedham. Lucy Garth seemed destined to drag her family into notoriety one way or another. She was traced to Bradford, easily. Rachel remembered the dress she wore—a light gray poplin, and no other was missing from her wardrobe. A more thorough search brought the fact to light that her valuable jewels were missing.

Mr. Marchmont resolved that Dedham should not link his name to any tale of scandal. He succeeded in fully persuading Rachel and her father of his innocence—but although there could be but the slightest suspicion to warrant it, Thorndike held vindictively to his first belief.

A month or so later, a clue was discovered, though it left the matter more of a mystery than ever. Mrs. Thorndike's dress was found and identified, and also some articles of clothing, on which her name was written in full. They seemed to have caught in the roots of the trees and stones at the river's edge, a mile or two below Bradford. And then came a story of a woman having been found drowned at the next town; but in such a state of decomposition, that identification was impossible. Several persons thought they recognized one of a number of beggars and tramps, possibly thieves, that had been seen prowling around the place—and as such, she had been buried, after the usual coroner's inquest. But upon minute inquiry, several important discoveries were made. The woman was without a dress, a faded shawl having been tied about her body. She was tall, slender, had the appearance of being young, and with a quantity of long, light hair. There were no marks of violence visible—but the examination had elicited the fact that the woman must have been in the final stages of consumption.

There were many plausible reasons why this might be Lucy Thorndike's body. Her languor and apparent ill-health, her secret dissatisfaction—presently, the knowledge that she had sold some of her jewels in Bradford. Finding herself destitute and alone at the last, it was not impossible that she had sought this method of ending a troubled life.

To Mr. Garth it was a great shock. He had taken the death of Lucy's mother with something of a feeling of relief, but this struck him the keenest blow of his whole life. Rachel almost longed to call her back from her grave, and lecture her upon the heinousness of her sin. That a woman with so good and indulgent a husband as Warren Thorndike, plenty of money, no care or trouble—and nothing to do, if that could be a satisfaction—should wish to end her life in this tragic and uncomfortable manner, astounded her. It was such an execrable text for a homily that she could not bear to give it up without sermonizing her dead sister. And so she sighed over the useless life that had gone out thus suddenly.

Mrs. Glenfield came to console with her. The bitter feeling between the two religious bodies had softened considerably of late on the natural ground perhaps that all old prejudices weaken. Many of her past friends came, moved in more than one case by curiosity. Some believed that Mrs. Thorndike had never recovered from the downfall of her pride and ambition, others whispered that she had rebelled against and defied her husband's sway. Some blamed, some pitied, and many confidently averred that it was just what might have been expected. Perhaps it was well that both Rachel and Mr. Thorndike paid little heed to the senseless gossip.

One autumn day they brought home the body supposed to be that of Lucy Thorndike, and laid it to rest in the quiet old-fashioned churchyard beside her mother. Mr. Howe, with his kindly word for everybody, felt sure that she had not been in her right mind. To Mr. Garth the idea was a great comfort. He wanted to feel that Lucy, with all her sins and follies, had not been utterly lost at the last. Indeed, he wondered sometimes if his own mind was not giving way. There was a great confusion of thought, an inability to distinguish clearly in matters about which he had always felt so positive heretofore. In his secret heart he mourned his child with a strange passion of grief for so cold a nature.

Rachel Garth seemed utterly heartless to you? That she was cold, rigid and narrow I admit; and yet, comparing her works with Lucy's, the latter was left far behind. Rachel had been a conscientious and careful daughter. Her father's bodily comfort would never suffer at her hands. A good neighbor, ready in sickness, sprinkling her alms-giving plentifully with rather sharp censure and unpalatable advice, but sensible in the main. She never gossiped over people's carelessness and untidy houses, her's was always neat and orderly. She could not tolerate indecency, for she, a rich man's daughter, rose with the sun and worked all day. What she could do without actual compul-

sion, others might do when it was a necessity. She had fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and ministered to the sick, and in one circle of Dedham she was esteemed as little less than a saint. Lucy had done nothing of this.

Ah, it is well that God's eyes are not as ours. How often our weak faith is staggered at some mystery as we judge by a few broken links, but God who is all-wise can see the end from the beginning, and knows all the blindness, the weakness, and the thorns in the path. Well for us that it is so.

The great wave surged back again. What matter for the little life goes out? There was buying and selling, eating and drinking for those who were left. No very deep wounds to heal, no despairing sense of loss and absence, no wail from any aching heart.

"Thorndike," Marchmont said, "you never deserved her! You have broken her heart by your carelessness, cruelty and culpable indifference. If she had sought a tender and cherishing love, it would be no sin in God's eyes. But where is she? You may have to answer for this!"

Rachel paled, partly with passion, partly with fear. But anger helped him to recover himself shortly.

Reckoning with such rude brute-force was folly. Marchmont rushed at once to Mr. Garth's, and cleared himself of the foul imputation. But the fact of Lucy Thorndike's disappearance still remained.

The secret must be confessed, and a search

made. He sighed and looked vacantly out of the window.

"But I'd like to have it Lucy," he said after a long pause.

Rachel repeated this conversation to her husband. She really was not pleased with the proposal.

"Well," he said, "one name is as good as another."

She glanced at him curiously. There was a feeling in her mind that she could not quite explain, an objection so subtle and far-reaching to be put in words. It seemed to her that he ought to share it.

"Yes. You don't think it will bring bad luck?"

"We shouldn't want her luck for the child. And father thinks she looks like Lucy."

"She was handsome, there's no denying that," he exclaimed with a little chuckle. "There was some strange blood in her veins—you always said her mother was queer. But there's nothing in it name. Let it be Lucy or Polly, only it seems right enough to humor your father."

Perhaps this consideration relieved Rachel ultimately, for she consented, though Mr. Garth began to call her Lucy before she was christened. She seemed the one thing in the world to him.

CHAPTER XXI.

REST AND REFUGE.

Four years had passed since the summer morning on which Lucy Thorndike had said good-by to her sister. You know the principal events that had taken place at Dedham. She, though still alive, was ignorant of them all. For a long time she had been ill, and afterward her only thought had been how to bury herself from their sight forever and begin a new life.

She had destroyed every trace of her identity. Her illness had been utter prostration and low nervous fever, but never so severe that reason swayed on its throne. When she recovered she found that she had enough to remunerate her kind hostess, and she was thankful. But what could she do?

Her first essay was as companion and seamstress to an elderly invalid. This coming to a sudden end, she took a vacant village school, but the publicity rendered her nervous and ill at ease, so she plunged into the retirement of a governess.

She settled herself at last in a quiet, old-fashioned, but extremely beautiful town. A dreamy, refined, aristocratic place, full of old families who were proud of their pure blood. She came to sing in the church which was a miniature cathedral, and eked out her income by teaching music.

This really good fortune had come to her through the intervention of the clergyman and his wife. The Reverend Cyrus Wilmer was a Christian gentleman in word and deed, and his wife followed his good example with fervent faith. When he saw a good work lying just outside of his path, he never paused to question why another had neglected it, but went at it with gentle, yet earnest heart and trust courage. His flock loved him like a father.

Rachel Mackenzie was introduced into Merecombe under these auspices. She sang on Sunday, and every one was charmed. She was to reside with Mrs. Wilmer's widowed sister, Mrs. Preston, and had already been promised three scholars—the two Wilmer children and Edith Preston.

Merecombe was on the line of a railroad that connected two distant but populous cities. This seemed to bound one side, and a slow flowing river the other. At this point the river was not navigable for vessels of much pretension, though miles below it was alive with trade and commerce. The spot was secluded, without being at all lonely, and clustered about on every side with romance and beauty. The march of business had not invaded the, the whirr and hum of machinery was never heard. Framed in like a picture, it slept and woke with every season, quaint, quiet and lovely.

Rachel Mackenzie was charmed with it the first hour she spent within its precincts. And the Sunday was like a blessed dream, hallowing all her days.

Mrs. Preston was a charming woman, in comfortable circumstances, and when her sister had written to propose this addition to her family, acceded with a feeling of unusual interest. Miss Mackenzie had not disappointed her in any respect, unless it was the fact of her loneliness, concerning which Mrs. Wilmer had said nothing.

Mr. Wilmer set about getting his protege established, and met with excellent success. Her high-bred, lady-like demeanor commanded her at once—and her grace and sweetness riveted the charm. Mr. Maurice, the organist, did not suspect the usual rival in her, and indeed received her into his good graces at once.

It was a summer afternoon now. There was a cluster of youthful figures on the spacious lawn in front of the Catherwood Mansion, and two or three ladies sitting in easy chairs on the porch. The eldest, a still beautiful woman, past sixty, fair, placid, and with a beaming face that might easily have hidden the shadow of a dozen years. Ample in proportions, and with a motherly look that won at once.

The lady opposite, was much more slender and quite different in appearance, though not without a certain delicate loveliness. Although a daughter-in-law in name, for many years, she had been truly a child to Mrs. Catherwood. Three of the girls, and the young man in the group, were hers—and they were all marked by the soft, dark eyes, and fine, glossy hair of rich brown, and the pure, oval face of their mother.

The third was Lucia Mackenzie. She stood leaning her arm on the balcony railing, one slender foot crossed above the other. A noticeable peculiarity of hers was that she always wore black or white. Today it was a white pique, with black braiding, and her only ornament a cluster of deep, velvety crimson buds at her throat.

Her hair was brushed plainly above her ears, and worn in a large coil at the back of her head. It was like threads of softest silk, you could see, and the complexion was clear and fine. Yet an indescribable change had come over the whole face. In these years her soul had grown and blossomed there.

She was looking, as they all were, at the stranger on the lawn, at least Miss Mackenzie had never seen her before.

"There's a look of her in the baby's face," he said with an absent, dreamy gaze.

"But her name was not Lucy, you know," Rachel rejoined almost fretfully.

"No. We always called her that, and I like it."

"You didn't then."

Rachel remembered the bitter scenes and sharp recriminations, and it seemed now as if her father had grown childish. Could he so easily forget?

By fragments Lucia had heard the story. Mrs. Startevant had gone abroad for her health, and died there. Eleanor, her only daughter, had been left in charge of some cousins. Mrs. Catherwood had implored Eleanor's guardian—her father had been dead some years—to go for her.

There had been several deaths before in the family, and now Mrs. Catherwood was childless. Of her grand children, those at home were her favorites. Eleanor's father she had never cordially liked, though she had kept this to herself, and always treated him well. This daughter had been proud and imperious, a very worldly and fashionable woman—and perhaps her coldness had helped to estrange the mother's heart.

The Startevants were very fond of Eleanor, and unwilling to relinquish her. Mrs. Catherwood had foreseen this and given her guardian some private instructions to be used according to his judgment.

Mrs. Startevant's illness had interfered with Eleanor's tour, which was still to be completed. A quiet summer among the Alps and the lakes, a winter at Rome—and by that time, her grief having abated, her cousin thought it possible that Paris might be taken in. Mrs. Catherwood had hardly approved of this with such chaperones, and was thankful to have the guardian, a man of the highest honor and not young, connect himself with the party.

Through some mismanagement or misfortune, the greater part of Eleanor Startevant's inheritance had been swept away. Paris was not achieved—at least theirs had been Paris without the gayeties that renders it so enchanting. But Miss Startevant had returned home the betrothed of her guardian.

Mrs. Catherwood had no

back? I don't see why you couldn't stay until evening, as mamma wished, and see Eleanor?"

That was like bringing a shadow over the perfect scene.

"No, I could not."

"But you stopped, and you cast a lingering look backward."

"I was thinking that for an instant I felt perfectly happy and contented," Lucia responded.

"And don't you always?"

Bell raised a wondering glance to the sweet face.

Lucia laughed then. It would be quite impossible to explain her feelings to this child, and Isabel Catherwood was already too much given to speculation.

"I suppose moments of perfect content are rare," she answered carelessly. "And now you must say good-bye to me. See, we are at the gate."

"I wish I were coming to-morrow instead of Sophie. Miss Mackenzie, I should like to be rich, and a queen. I should set aside a portion of my palace and keep you forever, like some wonderful bird, to sing to me."

Lucia's voice rippled on the summer air, for the concert amused her.

"Good night," she said and turned, and came face to face with a gentleman standing outside of the gate.

Bell started with a little cry of surprise. Lucia Mackenzie turned deadly white, and shook so that she was glad to grasp the nearest support.

"Oh, Mr. Rutherford! Our friend, Miss Mackenzie," for he was studying her with something deeper than astonishment; and Bell ranged herself on Lucia's side, as if she needed some defence.

"Miss Mackenzie is a past acquaintance of mine also," he returned with studied calmness, "though I little expected to meet her here. I suppose you have been well during these years?"

He asked the question absently. He was too much surprised to think. Had she been raised from the dead?

"Quite well;" but her words had a hollow, tremulous sound. And then she said, with a strange recklessness—"You remember that you once thought my voice worth cultivation? Acting upon your advice, I have made it of service to myself, at least. And now, my dear pupil, good-night, again."

She nodded to Mr. Rutherford, turned, and was gone. Swiftly down the shaded road she flew until breathless with terror and fatigue. Then she turned into a by-path, and seated herself upon a stone, covering her face with her hands. The old experience that she had almost forgotten, rushed back upon her.

Up to this hour there had been nothing to alarm, or in any wise connect her with the past. She had meant to blot it out and commence anew, her own life it should be. Whether they had searched for her, whether they thought her dead or not, she never knew. No word had passed her lips since.

"You do not look well to-day, my dear," she said kindly.

Lucia shrank from the sympathy that would have been so dear at any other time.

"I have a headache," she replied listlessly.

"You had better lie down and take a rest."

Instead she went to her room and changed her dress. A presentiment was strong upon her that Mr. Rutherford would make some effort to see her. She stationed herself by a window overlooking the road, and as the house stood on an eminence she could see the winding way for a long distance edging the waving fields and shadowy woods.

How long she watched she never remembered. One after another passed, and at last a familiar figure came sauntering slowly, casting an occasional glance toward the hill. She went down then, tied on her broad sun-hat and left the house, for she must see him quite alone.

"How odd you are, Miss Mackenzie! Was he ever your lover? Oh, pardon me!"

The face was covered with blushes and contrition. She had asked the question in her eager, thoughtless way, and was both sorry and ashamed.

"No," Lucia returned in a cold, even tone.

"We were the mostest acquaintances. He gave me some useful hints concerning my future. This was before he went abroad, and I have not seen him since."

"I did not mean to offend you. It was unpardonably rude, and I am very sorry."

"Dear Miss Mackenzie, please forgive."

"I am not offended, but I should be sorry to have you so careless before your cousin or Mr. Rutherford. And now we will have a little better attention to the lesson."

Sophie soon recovered her wonted ease, but Miss Mackenzie was quiet to constraint.

"You are quite sure that you have forgiven me?" Sophie asked as she rose to go.

"I'm sure that Mr. Rutherford is noble enough for any woman. I like him so much."

"Yes," was the brief answer; "and now let us dismiss the subject."

She watched the young girl out of sight before she turned. What was there in the thoughtless words to distract her so much?

She had made her defence almost in the dark. Whether Mr. Rutherford had been questioned and what he had said were alike unknown to her, but she had counted strongly upon his loyalty. She shrank from facing him there at the Oaks, in the presence of others, and possibly his betrothed. Her very breath seemed to strangle her at the thought, and every pulse quivered in great, frightened bounds. It seemed as if she were waiting for judgment, for a summons that would bring her forth from her hiding place.

The right and wrong of her step she had never paused to consider. The life had become unbearable, and she had taken the balance and perhaps doubtful remedy in her own hands. Those old days came back to her own heart. She had driven, oh so hard to forget, and now for the first time she shuddered with a vague dread of the consequences of her rashness.

She brought her sewing to the sitting-room, as if she was fearful that her absence might awaken suspicion. A nameless terror struck at her very soul, and she seemed only to breathe on sufferance. What was there in the dark future for her?

Mrs. Preston chatted in her usual low, graceful fashion. Music, literature and art were her topics, for she was strongly interested in all three. But to-day her companion was silent. Edith had gone over to her aunt's, so they finished the morning alone. Dinner was quiet enough, and then Mrs. Preston retired for her customary rest.

"You do not look well to-day, my dear," she said kindly.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Funny Fashion.

We see it stated that Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt Ritchie—*we think these include all the names that this lady has any right or title to at present*—writes to the San Francisco Chronicle, vouchsafing the astounding intelligence that "English ladies of fashion and rank are in the habit of publishing their charms by having casts taken of their shapely legs, as ornaments for drawing-room tables, or to be sold for the benefit of the vendor of casts, or to be circulated among friends as delicate tokens of friendship and valuable works of art!"

Concerning this leg mania now afflicting the ladies of England, Mrs. Ritchie says:

"What we are about to relate appears at the first blush as incredible, that we hold ourselves responsible for its exact truth."

Upon the drawing-room table of a lady of rank in London—a lady of high position and irreproachable character—may be seen, beneath a glass case, a lovely dimpled little foot, delicate ankle and rounded calf, up to the knee-joint; it is the cast of the leg of Lady ———, the hostess!"

Mrs. Ritchie goes on to say:

"In Soho square, there is a small, rather humble-looking shop, in which you can purchase, for five shillings, a cast of one of the most exquisite of legs; the original (in the flesh) belongs to Lady ——— de G ——— and R ———, who went to this little shop *incognito*, and had her perfect leg moulded, and afterwards generously gave the shopman the privilege of selling copies of the cast, which he does daily; for it was quickly discovered to whom the beauteous leg belonged!"

"One lady, the wife of a Mayor of a town in the Provinces, came to London and had two casts taken of her leg—one nude, and one with the neat little shoe, stocking, and garter. Strange to say (though no artist will call it strange,) the leg with the stocking and garter produced an effect much further removed from modesty than the leg quite naked. Bruegelian, the cast-vendor in Covent Garden, drives a brisk trade in casting ladies' legs—and has many quantity of models, of all descriptions, taken from life, and chiefly from noble life, for sale!"

Lucia silently pointed out several mistakes.

It was hardly strange that she had not heard. Frances Catherwood had been her only pupil until latterly, for the two younger ones were at school, and there had been no reason for discussing family affairs before her. She remembered now that they generally said "Eleanor's guardian."

The engagement appeared to her as incongruous. It was not such a one as she fancied Mr. Rutherford likely to make, and yet she confessed that her knowledge of the man was rather limited. And then she knew very little of the ways of society.

"And it's so singular that you should have been acquainted with him, Miss Mackenzie!" Sophie paused, with her finger poised over a key, and glanced around. "He was telling us last night."

"What?" she asked, almost hoarsely.

Advantages of the Free Vote.

All are Represented—The Best Men can be Elected—Freedom of Choice—Fewer Candidates—Less Expense—The Bloomsburg Election and What it Shows.

From the Bloomsburg Democrat, April 22.

Reformed voting has the following salutary effects, illustrated more or less fully at our late local election:

1. The expulsion of disfranchisement from popular elections. Men do not vote and lose their votes. They are not counted out—ostracized—deprived of all voice in their government. This injustice they have often suffered in both general and local elections, but will suffer no longer under the reformed voting shall be established. How much of contentment and of increased attachment to Republican institutions must this one beneficent change produce!

2. The best men can be selected as candidates and elected. Availability—a mere capacity to get votes and often the worst votes in the community, the whiskey boys of saloons, the bigots of churches, the purloinable and the timid citizens—loses nearly all its importance in the selection of candidates. For the floating vote—the vote subject to influence—will no longer hold the balance of power between parties and control elections. The independent, upright citizen, unskilled in the corrupt devices of majority voting, can afford to be a candidate and can succeed in spite of the rogues and ruffians in his district. And in office he can defy them, for they will not hold his reelection and his future in their hands.

3. An unembarrassed and better selection can be made by the voter from among candidates. His freedom of choice will be a reality, and not a delusion. Even the degree of his preference for a candidate can be expressed by the free vote. He can give all his vote to one candidate; he may distribute them among candidates as he shall think fit. For the first time, the principle of self-government is to be realized in electoral action. The voter is to judge for himself, and not the law for him, how his votes shall be bestowed.

4. Under the free vote but few candidates at popular elections will be defeated and they and their friends mortified and soured for the future. But a single candidate for member of our town council underwent defeat at the late election, and the running of a surplus candidate arose out of particular circumstances, and was an exceptional case. Ordinarily there will be but six candidates instead of seven. But under the old plan of election there would have been at least twelve candidates, and six of them would have been defeated. Six beaten men in the community would have meant discontent, resentment, and retaliation hereafter. At all events, a reduction of nearly one-half in the number of candidates at elections would be highly advantageous and desirable.

5. Finally, the free vote strikes off two-thirds of the expense and consequent corruption of elections. It takes away most of the motive to corrupt voters, for under the necessity of buying majorities will no longer exist and press upon parties and candidates.

We will conclude with a single additional remark. The free vote, in order to its complete operation—to its thorough renovation of our electoral system—must be applied to the nomination of candidates, as well as to their election; to the primary as well as to the legal election. That it can be so applied with convenience, and effectively, we believe, will be proved at no distant day in this county of Columbia, which now enjoys the honorable distinction of having had held in her principal town the first truly republican, and entirely just, liberal, and reformed election, ever held in the United States—an election in which no man felt that he was stealing power from his neighbor, or that his neighbor was stealing power from him!

Bad Accounts of Boston.

The consulting physicians of Boston lately made a report, which, according to the adage, "Misery loves company," ought to be a consolation to the people of Philadelphia. These gentleman state that in Boston there is still an average annual mortality of between 24 and 25 to the thousand of population, and that during the past ten years the chance of living has not quite so good as in that city, almost surrounded by the sea, with a population of 200,000, as in London, on the Thames, with a population of 3,000,000. The greater vital depression, caused by want and misery in that most vast of modern cities, seems to have been more than counteracted by the careful protection of public health. The following is an extract from their report:—"There are in all parts of Boston filthy back yards, alleys, and passage-ways, broken-down and overflowing vaults, and in the older portions disused wells and cisterns, which are receptacles for dirt. Offensive trades, like fat-melting and bone-boiling, were carried on in open vats in the midst of a crowded population. They should be compelled to use methods, tried and approved in New York, by which the sickening vapors may be entirely consumed. House offal or swill allowed to become putrid before removal from the houses of the citizens."

We suppose that Boston is always so busy in attending to the affairs of the rest of the world, that it has no time to attend to its own affairs—and therefore the above bad exhibit.

Interesting News for the Ladies.

We read in the Paris correspondence of a daily contemporary:—"At a recent sitting of the Academy of Sciences the learned M. Fall exhibited several specimens of the new artificial 'precious' stones invented by Liebig's nephew. They are composed of mixtures of oxides of copper or of iron with either, or of compounds of brimstone and either. M. Fall exhibited his false rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and topazes, side by side with the stones they imitate. If the eye can detect a difference, it is to the advantage of the former. Several artificers had been provoked by the *savants* who have taken the new paste under their protection. They admitted that in point of beauty the imitation stones come up to the real. But they also thought that the productions of the German chemist's crucible are wanting in hardness. Hereupon a discussion—Was not softness a desideratum? The harder the jewel, the harder to work it. The specialists consulted admitted their proposition, but some of them thought that precious stones, in which the fortunes of large houses are invested, in consequence of the new invention will become unfashionable. This is very bad news for ladies who have sunk large sums in what lawyers call paraphernalia; for, as our specialists argue, the value of rubies, topazes, sapphires, and emeralds is arbitrary. They are not so much valued for their intrinsic beauty as for their rarity; or, in other words, for the use they can be turned to in advertising the wealth of their possessors. What an admission! Jules Favre well said the other day, 'Who shall bring us back to the Greeks?' with whom certainly such a consideration would have had but little weight. We may well hope that true art will profit by this threatened depreciation of precious stones. I have seen in ball rooms the finest jewels in the world, and have long since come to the conclusion that, apart from their being a proclamation of what is in the strong box, they only serve to give prominence in the elderly to Time's ravages, and to cast into the shade the physical loveliness of fresh youth. Gems, that is to say precious stones, are in their true place when set in drinking cups and vases; but on the neck, and especially in the ear, of a fair woman, they are what the French call a *brutale* expression of wealth. Gold is the stuff on which the jeweller's taste should be chiefly brought to bear. From its great malleability, it is susceptible of expressing the artificer's finest fancies. It is to him what the waxen tablet was in the oldest time to the author. However rudely worked, gold, from the softness of its color, also harmonizes with every dress or complexion. To form an idea of what can be done with this metal one should go to Damascus. I have lately seen a set of gold ornaments purchased there at a relatively low price. Small turquoises and seed pearls were sparingly used in them. But in point of artistic beauty, in richness of fancy, and delicacy of taste, they were far above the blazing *parures* one sees at Court balls as the fairy cloisters of Saint Trophime are superior to the coarse Gothic architecture of a new West-end church."

Hindoo Theists.

The Brahmo-Samsas, a society of Hindoo reformers, who have renounced idolatry without accepting Christianity, has sent to England one of its prominent leaders, who recently preached in London before a congregation composed of members of both Houses of Parliament and of men of eminence in science and literature. On this occasion the preliminary devotional services were performed by Rev. James Martineau, the well-known Unitarian clergyman, and the Hindoo reformer then ascended the pulpit and preached from the text, "In Him we live, and move, and have our being"—arguing that God was near at hand influencing the life and conduct of men.

A Prospect for Overworked Housewives.

It is said that electro-magnetism is now applied in England as the motive power for a sewing machine, with entire success. The expense of keeping a small battery in action is trifling, and we see no reason why such a source of power should not be variously applied in households. It is admitted that women are injured by working the sewing-machine; and it would relieve them all and save the health of many if it could come into general use. Nor do we see any reason why the same power should not be applied to other branches of household work; to washing-machines and mangles; dumb-waiters and elevators; cradles, baby-jumpers and child's carriages. Here is a wide field for the ingenuity of our manufacturers; and they may be sure that a source of power so perfectly neat as this, so free from unpleasant heat and noise, and so easily and safely directed to any work required of it, needs only to become familiar in order to find favor with all men and women.

27 A naval officer, just arrived in Washington from Yokohama, says it was ascertained there that Captain Eyre would have stopped his vessel after the collision with the *Onéside* but for the entreaties of Lady Temple, wife of the British Minister, who feared shipwreck. At Yokohama, Eyre was regarded as weak, rather than bad. The old story of foolish and unreasonable chivalry to woman over again.

28 Let a young woman with no hair but her own, and that simply dressed, enter a room filled with those whose heads are elaborately built up with a profusion of purchased locks, and see who will be most admired. It is a great advantage for a woman, in these days of artifice, to remain herself, and thus be unlike every one else. A simple dress, white or black, will produce the greatest effect when surrounded by the most gorgeous costumes. These serve, as it were, as frames for the former, and women are often forced to confess that they have draped themselves magnificently, at an immense expense, for no other purpose than to heighten by contrast the beauty of a rival. In fact, they have been wearing a dress which is very becoming to others.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.
Twenty cents for each additional insertion.
Half payment is required in advance.

LEAF The English Royal Humane Society has given its silver medal this year to Lord Walter Kerr, commander of the Hercules iron-boat. One of his men fell overboard in the Tagus, and, striking his head into the chains, was stunned. Lord Kerr, seeing that he could not be saved if he waited for a boat to be lowered, sprang from the bulkhead of the ship—a height of thirty feet—into the stream, and swam to the seaman, whom he succeeded in holding above water for ten minutes of terrible endurance until the ship's boat reached them, and took up the commander and his man nearly dead.

DR. NEWMAN'S new book, "The Grammar of Accents," is said to have cost the author more time and labor than any of his previous works. "The Grammar of Accents," as a wit lately remarked, "ought to be a work of a very high order!"

COL. HIGGINSON, in his recent book, gives the following sentence from a patriotic speech made by an enthusiastic negro:—"But we'll never desert de ole flag, boys, never. We hab lib under it for eighteen hundred and sixty-two years, and we'll die for it now."

Wothing nurses calm the rising generation by singing:—

"Nice little baby, don't get in a fury,
'Cause mamma's gone to sit on the jury."

We hear of a new invention which consists of a ball of 200 pounds; inside this ball is a species of canon, which contains a ball, and when the first ball has gone five miles the cannon fires off an interloper ball, which goes another five miles.

At a recent Episcopal Church Fair in New York City, for the benefit of a charitable institution called the Sheltering Arms, a watch was given to the minister having the highest number of votes, Rev. Dr. Weston, Assistant Minister of Trinity parish, was the lucky man. The vote was as follows: Rev. Dr. Weston, 1,000; Dr. Conrad, 865; Dr. Washburn, 485; Dr. Potter, 301; Pope Pius IX, 444; Scattering, 306.

INTERNAL REVENUE ANSWERS.—Last year the internal revenue assessors got some funny answers to the questions printed on their blanks. For instance, to the question, "Had your wife any income last year?" one person replies: "Yes, one boy." Another, "An impudent question, but no!" A third, "Her husband's love, and as much money from him as she wants, but no other income." Fourth, "Yes, twins—both half; will be taxed for them!"

The experimental brig Novelty, constructed simply as an iron tank, to hold molasses in bulk, arrived in Boston from Matanzas the other day, discharged her cargo of 88,000 gallons by means of pumps and hose direct into the reservoir of a refinery, was filled with Cochituate water, shipped a new crew, got ready for sea, and actually departed within 27 hours from the time of her arrival.

Tea is now brought from Japan to New York, across the continent, in thirty-eight days—twenty-six days for five thousand miles across the Pacific, and twelve days for three thousand three hundred miles across the land by railway.

Government engineers say that the surveys indicate that Blossom Rock, at San Francisco, has been utterly demolished by the recent blast, and thrown in all directions. The soundings gave thirty-eight feet of water over its sides at low tide.

A lady in Michigan has recently recovered her reason after having been insane twenty-three years. The interval has been a blank, but she remembers vividly whatever occurred before it, and sadly recalls her new friends by her stories of "what occurred a few weeks ago."

Waltham Watches,

IN 8-OZ. CASES,
For Merchants, Clerks, and Professional Men.

Waltham Watches,

IN 8-OZ. CASES,
For Farmers, Carpenters, and other Mechanics.

Waltham Watches,

IN 8-OZ. CASES,
For Mariners, Soldiers, and Expressmen.

Waltham Watches,

IN 8-OZ. CASES,
For Conductors, Engineers, and Baggage-men.

Waltham Watches,

IN 8-OZ. CASES,
For Miners, Lumbermen, and Stage Drivers.

Waltham Watches,

IN 8-OZ. CASES,
For all who wish something very substantial.

All the above are described in our price list. Write for it as follows:

MESSRS. HOWARD & CO., No. 785 Broadway, N. Y.: Please send me your illustrated price list of WALTHAM WATCHES, as per advertisement in THE EVENING STAR.

SIGN NAME AND ADDRESS IN FULL.

And you will receive it, post-paid, by return mail. It gives all the information you desire, and explains our plan of sending Watches by Express without any risk to the purchaser.

HOWARD & CO.,

785 Broadway, New York,
(Formerly of No. 619 Broadway).

I LOOK I LOOK!—My French Composed will force the beard to grow thick and heavy on the smoothest face, or hair on the baldest head, in 21 days, in every case, or money refunded. Sent by mail, postage paid, for 50 cents a package, or \$1. Address JAGGERIES & MELLISSE, 1020 Brooklyn St., St. Louis, Mo.

GREAT STEP IN ADVANCE.—Mason & Houdry's New Method for the piano forte. It is a great book; new, original to a large extent, complete as a whole and in each of its parts, and entirely practical throughout. It is the result of the great interest in education, which has already been adopted in all the teaching by many who have heretofore been unwilling to see any instruction book. Published with both American and European fingerings in separate editions. Price \$4. Sent, post paid, to any address on receipt of price.

MASON & HOUDRY & CO.,
277 Washington St., Boston.

CHARLES H. DITSON & CO.,
711 Broadway, New York.

30 CANDLES, with your name and address printed on them, and sent, post-paid, for 20 cents. Address R. G. PEART, Peart's Eddy, Pa.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE. Magnifying 500 times, mounted for 10 Convex. Terms for \$1.50. Address F. P. BOWEN, Box 980, Boston, Mass.

66 EQUATORIALS Without Distillation. Send 10 cents to BIRD, Fort Deposit, Maryland.

TO PHYSICIANS.

NEW YORK, August 15, 1870.
Allow me to call your attention to my PREPARATION OF COMPOUND EXTRACT BUCHU. The component parts are BUCHU, LONG LEAF, CUMBERS, JUNIPER BERRIES.

MODE OF PREPARATION.—Buchu, in vacuo, Juniper Berries, by distillation, to form a fine gin. Glycerine extracted by displacement, with spirits obtained from Juniper Berries; very little sugar is used, and a small proportion of spirit. It is more palatable than any now in use.

Buchu, as prepared by Druggists, is of a dark color. It is a plant which emits its fragrance; the action of a flame destroys this (its active principle), leaving a dark and glutinous decoction. Mine is the color of ingredients.

The Buchu in my preparation predominates; the smallest quantity of the other ingredients are added, to prevent fermentation; upon inspection, it will be found not to be a tincture, as made in Pharmacopeia, nor is it a Syrup—and therefore can be used in cases where fever or inflammation exist. In this, you have the knowledge of the ingredients and the mode of preparation.

Hoping that you will favor it with a trial, and that upon inspection it will meet with your approbation, with a feeling of confidence.

H. T. HELMBOLD,
Chemist and Druggist of 10 Years' Experience.

From the largest Manufacturing Chemists in the World.

NOVEMBER 4, 1864.

I am acquainted with Mr. H. T. Helmbold; he occupies the Drug Store opposite my residence, and was successful in conducting the business where others had not been equally so before him. I have been favorably impressed with his character and enterprise."

WILLIAM WEIGHTMAN,

Firm of Powers & Weightman, Manufacturing Chemists, Ninth and Brown Streets, Philadelphia.

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU, for weakness arising from indigestion. The exhausted powers of Nature which are accompanied by so many startling symptoms, among which will be found, Indigestion to Exertion, Loss of Memory, Wakefulness, Horror of Disease, or Forebodings of Evil; in fact, Universal Laziness, Prostration, and inability to enter into the enjoyments of society.

The constitution, once affected with Organic Weakness, requires the aid of Medicine to strengthen and invigorate the system, which HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU invariably does. If no treatment is submitted to, Consumption or insanity ensues.

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU, for affections peculiar to Females, unequalled by any other preparation, as in Chirosis, or Retention, Painfulness, or Suppression of Customary Evacuations. Ulcerated or Seizures State of the Uterus, and all complaints incident to the sex, or the decline or change of life.

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU and IMPROVED ROSE WATER will radically exterminate the system diseases arising from habits of dissipation, at little expense, little or no change in diet; no inconvenience or exposure; completely superseding those unpleasant and dangerous remedies. Copious and Mercury, in all these diseases.

Use HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU in all diseases of these organs, whether existing in male or female, from whatever cause originating, and no matter how long standing. It is pleasant in taste and odor, "immediate" in action, and more strengthening than any of the preparations of Bark or Iron.

Those suffering from broken-down or delicate constitutions, procure the remedy at once.

The reader must be aware that, however slight may be the attack of the above disease, it is certain to affect the bodily health and mental power.

All the above diseases require the aid of a Diuretic.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU is the great Diuretic.

Sold by Druggists everywhere. Price—\$1.25 per bottle, or six bottles for \$6.50. Delivered to any address. Describe symptoms in all communications.

Address

H. T. HELMBOLD,

DRUG AND CHEMICAL WAREHOUSE,

No. 504 Broadway, New York.

NONE ARE GENUINE UNLESS DONE UP IN STEEL-ENGRAVED WRAPPERS, WITH FAC-SIMILE OF MY SIGNATURE.

Chemical Warehouse, and signed

Subd-sawly

H. T. HELMBOLD.

APRIL, 1870.

OPENING.

OF THE

SPRING TRADE

IN

READY-MADE CLOTHING.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

THIS MONTH,

Open to the people the

GRANDEST STOCK

OF

Fine Clothing for Men and Boys

THAT

OAK HALL HAS NEVER CONTAINED.

Since last Fall we have secured the two large lots adjoining us, and have erected upon them an iron-front building, equal in size to our former building, making

OAK HALL TWICE AS LARGE AS BEFORE,

In order to accommodate the

GREAT MASS OF PEOPLE

Who have become our customers.

We invite all our customers, with their friends and family, to pay us an early visit, to examine our

MAMMOTH BUILDINGS,

AND TO INSPECT OUR

MAMMOTH STOCK.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

OAK HALL

CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT,

No. 500, 502, 504, 506 Market Street, and

No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, and 12 South Sixth St.,

PHILADELPHIA.

Send your Orders if you can't come.

april-12

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

RUPTURE RADICALLY CURED.

DR. J. A. SHERMAN, AMERICAN SURGEON, respectfully offers his services in the application of his RUPTURE CUREATIVE APPLIANCE, at his office, 607 BROADWAY, near 4th St., New York.

The great experience of Dr. SHERMAN, resulting from his long and constant devotion to the treatment and cure of this disease, assures him of his ability to relieve all, without regard to the age of the patient or character of the injury, or the difficulties which they may have heretofore encountered in seeking relief.

Dr. SHERMAN, at the head of the American Curing Institute, New Orleans, for a period of more than fifteen years, had under his care 1,000 cases, and many of these were the most severe cases in the country, all of which were efficiently relieved, and many to their great joy, returned to a sound body.

None of the pains and injuries, resulting from the use of other Trusses, are found in Dr. SHERMAN's Application; and, with a full knowledge of the affection, he promises greater security and comfort with daily exercise in the disease, than can be obtained by any other person, or in the inventions of any other persons in the United States.

Prior to our last edition, in the only, as well as the cheapest remedy ever offered the afflicted, Photo-graphic likenesses of bad cases before and after treatment and cure mailed on receipt of TEN cents.

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ONE MILLION ACRES OF CHOICE IOWA LANDS

For sale, at \$2 per acre and upwards for cash, or on credit by the Boston, Milwaukee Land Co. Railroad already built through the lands, and on all sides of them. Great inducements to settlers, send for free pamphlet. It gives prices, terms, location; tells who should come West, what they should bring, what it will cost; gives plans and elevations of 18 different styles of ready-made houses, which the company furnish at from \$100 to \$6,000 ready to set up.

Map sent if desired. Address

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AGENTS WANTED FOR THE SECRETS OF INTERNAL REVENUE: EXPOSING.

The Whiskey Ring, Gold Ring, and Drawback Frauds, divulging systematic History of the Public Treasury, Organized Depredations, Conspiracies and Raids on the Government—Official Turpitude, Malfeasance, Tyranny and Corruption—The most Startling, Fascinating, Intriguing and Impenetrable Secrets—Containing authentic facts, indisputable evidence, sworn testimony, complete and accurate details.

Legislators, Farmers, Merchants, Mechanics, every Citizen and Taxpayer, are directly interested in the Extravagance, Arbitracy, Oppression and Cruelty of the Government—Official Plunder, Gold Counterfeiting, Drawback Frauds, and crafty Malfeasors—Published in one attractive volume, about 800 well-filled pages, with spirited illustrations. Price low to suit the times. \$2. Sold by subscription only. Send for circular and special terms.

W. M. FLINT, Publisher, Philadelphia, Pa.

april-12

WIT AND HUMOR.

David Young's Almanac.

This publication was of the old school, which predicted the weather; and these predictions, says the *N. Y. Observer*, "were, of course, as often wrong as true."

David Young's Almanac, year after year, had a great popularity in New Jersey, where the weather prophet lived and died. It is reported of him that one warm, bright summer day he was riding on horseback through a country road, with which he was not familiar, and, being in doubt, he stopped and asked a man if this was the road to Morristown. "Yes," said the farmer at work near the fence in the field, "but you must make haste, or you will get a wet jacket." David saw no signs of rain, and being wise as to weather, jogged on without fear. Soon a summer cloud darkened the sky, and down came a shower of rain which made the almanac man seek for shelter. Here was something for him to learn. The shower over, he remounted and retraced his steps to the prophetic farmer. Finding him, thus spoke David:—

"My friend, I have come back to ask you for your sign of rain. I am in the weather line myself, and will give you a dollar if you will explain to me the secret, for I am sure you must know more about it than I do."

"Give me the dollar," said the farmer; and, taking it, he proceeded—

"Well, you see, all about here we take David Young's almanac, and whenever he says 'look out now for rain,' we know it's going to be 'fair'; and when he says 'fair,' we know it will rain sure. Now, this morning, I was looking in the almanac, and it said for to-day, 'Fair weather'; so I knew for certain it would rain before night."

David Young hit his horse with the switch and rode away—a sadder but not a wiser man.

Faith in Miracles.

In Zanesville, Ohio, there are many colored persons who live by bartering and other light work. They are for the most part an orderly and quiet people, many of them religious, having a church of their own and an ebony minister, of all which they are justly proud. One cold evening in the time of a great revival in the church, this ebony exponent was delivering a powerful appeal on "faith," the groans and sobs of his hearers giving token of his effect upon their irrepressible natures. The tears stood upon his dark cheeks, his voice quivered like distant thunder, while he emphasized his words by vigorous blows upon the table. In the midst of all this, the stove, agitated by his jarring blows, rolled over the floor. Brother Lewis, the high man of the church, had located himself near the comforter of shine. He stood irresolute, when the voice of his minister came to him, laden with faith, "Pick up the stove, Brother Lewis—pick up the stove—de Lord won't let it burn you!" Brother Lewis's mind was filled up with the miracles of faith he had heard that evening, so he took hold of the hot stove, but dropped it instantly, and turning his reproachful eyes to the disciple of faith, replied, "De debble he won't!"—Investigator.

How to Manage Mistakes.

As a minister and a lawyer were riding together, said the minister to the lawyer: "Sir, do you ever make mistakes in pleading?"

"I do," said the lawyer.

"And what do you do with the mistakes?" inquired the minister.

"Why, sir, if large ones, I mend them; if small ones, I let them go," said the lawyer.

"And pray, sir," continued he, "do you ever make mistakes in preaching?"

"Yes, sir, I have."

"And what do you do with the mistakes?"

"Why, sir, I dispose of them in the same manner you do—I rectify the large ones, and pass the small ones. Not long since," continued he, "as I was preaching, I meant to observe that the devil was the father of *hers*; but made a mistake, and said the father of *lawyers*. The mistake was so small that I let it go."

THE FORCE OF HABIT.—It is curious to observe how one's habits of thought constantly break out and exhibit themselves in whatever he does or says. In one of the colleges, it was customary for the professors to take turns in making the chapel prayers. Once upon an occasion, this duty fell upon the learned professor of chemistry, and the students were astonished to hear him introduce an illustration thus: "Thou knowest, oh, Lord, that for tipping lightning rods, silver is better than platinum—so is the mind touched by thy grace made most ready to receive the principles of science!" On another occasion the mathematical professor asked "Divine goodness to enable us to know its length, its depth, its breadth, and superficial contents!"

IN PURSUIT OF LIGHT.—When Daniel Webster and his brother Ezekiel were together, they had frequent literary disputes; and on one occasion, after they had retired to bed, they entered into a squeable about a certain passage of one of their schoolbooks, and having risen to examine the authorities in their possession, they set the bed clothes on fire, and nearly burned their father's dwelling. On being questioned the next morning in regard to the accident, Daniel remarked, "That they were in pursuit of light, but got more than they wanted."

UNFORTUNATE!—One day, at a dinner given by M. Erlach, an officer named Combaul was boasting of his own valor. They were all, in fact, talking about what constitutes real courage. Said Combaul, hitting his bosom and looking about him, "I call myself a brave man, messieurs, because I can show my wounds. They are all over my body. I am not afraid of death, then, you may suppose. Look at my cheek—a bullet went in here and grazed my tongue."

"What a pity," whispered Chateauvillard, "that it only grazed it!"

A NOSE.—The late Mr. Thackeray had a nose of most peculiar shape, as may be seen by his portrait. The bridge was very low, and the nostrils extremely well developed. On one occasion, at a party where Douglas Jerrold was present, it was mentioned that Mr. Thackeray's religious opinions were unsettled—and that a lady of his acquaintance was doing her best to convert him to Romanism. "To Romanism!" exclaimed Jerrold. "Let us hope she'll begin with his nose."

For the success of the School Family, the



A BRIDAL TOUR—AT SEA.

BRIDE.—"I think—George, dear—I should—be better—if we walked about—" HUSBAND (one wouldn't have believed it of him.)—"You can do as you like, love. I'm very well (!) as I am!!"

The School Family.

We would like to see the *plan* of the schools of the Stoics, Cynics, etc., introduced to-day. The pictures of those old philosophers, engaged in the animated discussion of vital principles, affords the true model upon which to conduct a modern school recitation. They stood, like children, at the portals of knowledge; and, like them, gazed with curious wonder at the mysterious symbols which adorned the temple within. With the natural instinct and action of the young, they caught up the true methods of study. They really taught the only logical, legitimate mode of imparting instruction. By calm debate and the critical test and comparison of individual merits, they developed all the latent energy of their minds. It was theirs to refute or establish under wise, clear-headed, dispassionate guidance. They were a band of united disciples, engaged in the emulous pursuit of learning under the tutelage of a beloved master and intellectual superior. Through personal contact and mutual correction they developed strength.

How shall this system of education be adjusted, with all due reference to the difference in age and circumstances, as to meet the wants of pupils in our public schools? The old humdrum methods of question and answer, and ding-dong interliners of authority, do not answer. The etiquette of the school-room must be observed, and a scholarly dignity and pride acquired. The school building must be a delightful resort to visitors, and not a place of dullness and headache. Scholars must feel responsible for conduct and recitation, not only to the teacher, but to one another. They must pay proper deference to the feelings and opinions of both. When all these conditions exist, you will have the School Family, or the true school. We enumerate some of the means necessary to be taken.

One, and an all-important one, is class criticism. Men know little of it. Says the Boston Evening Transcript of Nov. 23d, "It is adopted wherever understood; but alas! it is not generally understood. It ought to be the normal method everywhere. Would college professors but learn of it, they would convert their recitation-rooms into arenas of exciting debate, where they would only stand as umpires, and, like speakers of the house, with gavels knock to order."

Beautiful in theory, its perfect adaptability to practice is proved by trial.

When a scholar makes a mistake observed by another, the latter raises his hand, the former addresses him. Perhaps an immediate acknowledgment of error ensues, but quite likely an animated discussion finally to be decided by the teacher. What can exceed that beautiful picture of the school-room, when two youthful orators debate with flushed cheeks until one convinced, acknowledges, "I think I was wrong?" In this way a recitation takes on the form rather of a parlor conversation, at once spirited and dignified. No visitor can tire. He sees the scholars weighed before him as in a balance.

The one of greater weight and attainments goes down, while the other hits the beam.

The failures of a class become its glories; for every display of ignorance, affords an opportunity for the display of the brightest talents. A faulty memory or a faulty judgment in one, calls for the exercise of faculties in another that err not. As upon a plain of burning brush, the flames are extinguished here and kindled there, so in the school-room, the dullness of the sluggish mind is relieved by the brightness of the active intellect. *The scholars try to do their best.* This is the result of the system of class criticism as seen in the actual experience of its practical operation. It awakens ambition, it stimulates thought. The better half of the class strive to win greater honors, and the poorer to suffer less disgrace. In this hive of activity no drone will stay; and the lash applied at his departure by some neighbor's son or daughter, will cut deep. If the drone remain, he will not remain a drone.

The character of the criticism may be infinitely varied. The correction, instead of being direct, may be put into the form of a question, "Why is this?" or "What is this?" so as completely to draw out the mind of the pupil. A particular scholar may be appointed to correct another, or selected for a teacher of the whole. In both cases he should be marked down for all mistakes the others correct over him. Indeed, a rigid system of marking, always open to the inspection of the scholar, best accompanies class criticism—a system in which every mistake and every correction is recorded, or by perpendicular and horizontal marks.

Class criticism fails unless the teacher is master of the situation. He must carefully prepare every lesson. He is the referee, and must stand before his scholars as a respected authority and an admirable critic. He will accomplish nothing without work.

For the success of the School Family, the

How Shall we Dispose of our Wool?

This question is answered by a lady correspondent in the Western Rural, in a way so sensible and practical that we transfer her communication entire into our column, and we bespeak attention to it from our readers. Large clips could not well be disposed of in the same way, but what, we ask, is to hinder thousands of holders of small fine fleeces following this excellent example, and extending it to the manufacture of more diversified products? All praise to the Minnesota lady, whose pen is as pointed as her fingers are diligent. She reminds us of a picture which will be found drawn at full length in chap. xxxi. of Proverbs. Here is her article:

"The first question in farm management, which was forced upon me last spring, was, what shall I do with my wool clip?

"I went to the dealers. They would pay me for the clip provided it was well washed, nicely put up, the backs' fleeces deducted, twenty-eight to thirty cents. But there was an infinite number of fleeces, which I could not be sure of meeting. On the whole, I concluded I might about as well have left the wool where it grew.

"Why not work it up? said I to myself. That was the way my mother did. The wool was of the finest quality, and would make delectable blankets, and all manner of flannels, nicer and more durable than could be bought. But then the difficulties seemed insurmountable. After much looking about, I concluded that the manufacture of stockings would be the easiest and most profitable way for disposing of the troublesome product.

"The wool was sent unwashed to the woolen mills; 250 pounds producing 100 pounds of yarn, and some dozen pounds of woolen bats. The bats were made from the short and dead wool assortments from the lot.

"I sent for a knitting machine, and taught myself to use it. With it, knitting is a recreation. When the hard work is done in doors, as is a rest to sit down to my 'rattle-trap,' as Charley terms it, and run off my fifteen hundred stitches in a minute. I never found work I liked so well. But, best of all, it pays. I have made two dollars a day on it. The socks, stockings, and mittens, I turn off at the odd minutes, meet our current family expenses. Our wheat was threshed too late to be thrown upon the market when prices ruled high. We do not need to sell now, for our knitter supports us. The tremendous decline in the great staple may teach us all the importance of mixed husbandry, and a mixed industry as well. Crowding the work of the year into three months, and idling the remaining nine, was never wise. This year it has been disastrous in the extreme.—Mrs. E. B., Minneiska, Minn."

The Tomato—And its Culture.

This fruit, long known as "the love apple," and said to have come from the far south, has rapidly gained favor wherever grown. It is susceptible of great improvement, though it has generally received less attention than most garden vegetables. While under careful culture they have been long in reaching their present state, the tomato has been a comparatively short time under culture, and yet, nature has done so much for it that it already holds high rank among our finest fruits of the garden. Many medical men claim for it valuable hygienic qualities, and the human system—that most perfect of all laboratories—has confirmed the decision. It is delicately acid, cooling and healthful. In hot weather our children seize the golden "love apples" and quench their thirst, while we all use them at our tables.

Since this fruit must be brought to perfection, why grow coarse, unsightly, spongy, ill-flavored tomatoes, when by attending to a few simple, but important things, the finest qualities may be had?

A great deal might be said on varieties; but after having tried the most popular ones the writer now grows "Lester's Perfected Tomatoes" in preference to all others.

Pruning.—As the greater part of the fruit on the tomato vine is borne near the ground it will be found that the shortening of the vines will cause nutrition to flow to fruit instead of making branches. Don't be afraid to cut out all suckers and non-bearing branches, and to shorten those that wander. The writer knows that the advantages of pruning are questioned by some, but he has learned by experience, whatever may be the rationale of the matter, the results are in favor of rather severe pruning.

Keeping the Fruit Clean.—The fruit may be kept clean and prevented from premature decay by spreading brush, salt hay, or other such material under the vines, or by training them. But if the soil be light and dry this will not be necessary especially for a general crop. In garden culture, if it be thought best to train the vines, a simple way is to set poles twelve feet apart, the tops five feet high. Attach wires horizontally to them, which will form a cheap trellis for the vines, thus exposing them to the free action of the sun and air. The flavor of the fruit thus grown will be finer than that ripened on the ground.

RECIPIES.

SAUCE FOR FISH.—The yolks of three eggs, one-tablespoonful of vinegar, half a pound of fresh butter, and a little salt; to be stirred over a slow fire till the butter is melted but not browned.

RAGOUT OF LAMB.—Cut the knuckle-bone of a fore-quarter of lamb, and lard it with thin small pieces of bacon. Flour it well, and then place it in a stewpan, with a quart of good gravy or stock, a bundle of herbs, a little mace, two or three cloves, and some pepper. Cover it down, and let it stew for half an hour rather quickly. Pour off all the liquor, strain it, and keep the lamb hot while the following sauce is prepared:

Half a pint of oysters flour'd and fried brown, the fat that they have been fried in being drained off clear; add all the fat skimmed from the gravy. Pour this to the oysters again, also an anchovy and two spoonfuls of wine. Boil all together until it is reduced to a sufficient quantity for sauce, adding some fresh mushrooms and some pickled ones, and the juice of half a lemon, or a spoonful of pickle. Place the lamb in a dish, and pour this sauce over it, garnishing it with lemon.

There are various ways of keeping eggs: these are good:

GREADED EGGS.—Wash some fat of almost any kind; put the eggs inn; cover them quite; take them out and lay them in an old tin or earthen vessel; paste them up, or better, cement with tin, and they will be found good all winter. Some use gum water.

THE RIDDLE.

Enigma.

I am composed of 107 letters.

My 88, 75, 39, 80, 40, 104, 23, is a musician and poet.

My 1, 106, 78, 18, 19, 11, 42, 32, 26, 42, 8, 75, 69, 6, 70, 86, 12, 66, is the latest novelty in our city.

My 24, 15, 81, 19, 85, 77, 91, 88, 105, 74, 45, 38, is a famous general of modern times.

My 55, 11, 61, 91, 16, 84, 77, 87, 98, is a close converser.

My 1, 97, 41, 20, 96, 88, 79, 6, 62, 73, 25, is one of the Muse.

My 7, 54, 72, 5, 64, 21, 28, 91, 70, 44, 38, 37, is the time we long for.

My 95, 106, 18, 96, 86, 90, 8, 19, 35, 85, 18, 50, is a mistake often made.

My 99, 8, 102, 50, is a propositon.

My 22, 69, 27, 100, 94, 60, 8, 101, is a fate.

My 92, 26, 106, 108, 71, 27, 76, 48, 57, 34, is a celebrated reformer.

My 75, 34, 10, 75, 8, 92, 81, 86, 46, is a constellation.

My 17, 100, 93, 90, 77, 25, 60, 2, is a narrative.

My 29, 8, 36, 85, 9, 20, 68, 28, 106, 107, 74, 65, is a faithful friend.

My 36, 33, 14, 16, 70, 59, 81, 3, 75, 92, 67, is a celebrated council.

My 73, 8, 27, 89, 51, 15, 33, 44, 41, 80, 105, 8, 86, 100, is the title of a queen.

My 20, 32, 47, 83, 106, 48, 95, 86, 81, 12, 96, 25, is a festival of the Druids, also of modern times.

My whole is a familiar quotation.

NEW YORK.

Middle.

My 1st is in oak, but not in ash.

My 2d is in bond, but not in cash.

My 3d is in oil, but not in fish.

My 4th is in want, but not in wish.

My 5th is in wrong, but not in right.

My 6th is in day, but not in night.